



RESTORATION



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ICE BRIDGE
OUR LADY OF THE CAPE
CAPE MADELEINE, P. Q.

A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God of the open road, and of the wayside shrines; "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." And I love the highways in which men honor You; and all the big and little places where pilgrims come to honor You and Your most lovely Virgin Mother, Spouse, and Daughter, Mary.

A few weeks ago we were in a friend's new auto, Your Fr. Briere and I. And we had a few days to spend somewhere. We said to each other "where shall we go?" And we decided to visit Our Lady's shrine at Cap de la Madeleine.

Eight Years Later

It was in front of the statue of Our Lady of the Cape, in the church of the Sacred Heart, in Ottawa, that Catherine and I made our consecration as slaves of Mary. This was on Feb. 2, 1951. I know You haven't forgotten the date, Lord; I repeat it only for those to whom You show this letter. I had wanted to visit the shrine ever since that day, but had never had the opportunity.

"Do you know Quebec?" Fr. Briere asked me.

"I know Hull, Quebec", I said. "If you are in Ottawa on a Sunday and you want to see a movie, or have a drink, or eat a decent meal, you have to go to Hull. The Ontario blue laws . . ."

"Shush!" Fr. Briere said almost sternly. "Let us talk of pleasant things, rather than blue laws. We are on a pilgrimage! I will show you Quebec."

We spent the night in a motel, this side of Ottawa, and pushed on early the next morning. We found a church where Father could say Mass. I served it. We had breakfast in a nice up-to-date Quebec town. It was a fine restaurant. It had holy pictures on the walls, and a crucifix.

"You will see plenty of crucifixes in Quebec," Fr. Briere said.

A Promise

We saw many. Some were just crosses. Big. Wooden. Newly painted. Beautifully designed. Some were of metal. And some showed us the Body of Your Son hanging from the Tree of Life, free for all to take and eat, as it were. Here and there, on houses, or on gates, or on walls, we saw pictures of Our Lady, or St. Joseph, or St. John the Baptist.

I loved the towns through which we passed; Some looked old and quaint. Some were as new and fresh as this morning's coat of paint. Some had houses built of stone. Some had houses that looked as though they had been moved from New England, or from California.

"This part of Canada", Father said with some surprise, "is becoming as modern as the rest of Canada! Yet it is its own sweet, individual, wonderful French-Canadian self."

We said the Rosary once in a while, God, as we rolled along; but mostly our prayers were of the silent kind. We looked at a field of young grain, for instance, and thrilled to see it waving at You like a great green silk or satin flag. We saw meadows full of daisies and purple clover and other wild flowers so beautiful we couldn't even mention them to each other.

Gossiping Cows

And once we saw a dozen or more black and white cows reclining in a field of tall grasses and gossiping as they grazed. I thought of so many fat old Roman senators lying on their couches and eating greedily while timid slaves went hastily and softly to and fro with new dishes and bottles, or went slowly away with the dirty plates and the "dead soldiers."

I thought also of the Last Supper, and of Your Son and His twelve apostles. They too were

(Continued on Page Four)

Journey Inward

By
Catherine de Hueck Doherty

When I was very little I wanted to go to school—oh so very badly. Eventually, as these things happen, I got there. At first I was disappointed, but as time went on I got to like school, though I found it was not a very easy place to get used to. I discussed the matter again and again with mother.

As was her habit, she tried to tell me things in story form, to answer my questions. Does one ever like it completely? Are the other schools I will have to go to eventually better than the Grade School?

Mary's School

She, softly smiling, would tell me that all the earthly schools were factually a disappointment, but one had to go to them just the same and bear the disappointments manfully . . . because in a way, like home itself, all the earthly schools existed to prepare us to enter, as quickly as possible, into Mary's school.

This intrigued me immensely. I wanted to know when one could enter Mary's school. How old did one have to be? Invariably mother answered—there was no age limit, but the sooner the better . . . for Mary's school led to the real school—that of Jesus and the Most Holy Trinity. When we got to that school, we would know all things—because we would know love.

But in order to get there, we had first to get to Mary's school . . . for she was the door, the gate, through which Love came to us and dwelt on earth, and taught all men. Mary had kept all His words in her heart. And, if we listen carefully to her silence, we can hear the sound of God's voice. If we were very quiet, that is, and really listen.

Love's School

But, she warned me, the School of Love, was also the School of Pain, and I must study well in the earthly schools so as to understand the lessons Mary and Jesus would teach me.

That was many years ago. And only now I begin to understand how right Mother was when she thought that education had for its final end, the leading of a human soul to the immense school of Mary and Jesus — of Love.

My heart and I . . .
Went to
School
Today.
An angel
Showed
Us the way.

Through Clouds
Of grey
That were
All blue—
And lined
With
Strange
And unknown
Hues,
He took us
Up
And up . . .
And up . . .
And brought
Us to
A Gate.
It was
A strange
And Wondrous
Gate
Of wood—
That seemed
To come
From trees
Unknown on
Earth—
They had
A sheen—
A tinge
Of red
That shone
From within
Like a golden
Thread.
And so
We walked,
My heart and I,

Through
The strange
Gate,
And passed
Across
The tender fields
Of green.
And there we were—
Before a Woman
Who stood
Stock still.
She did not
Even look
To see
My heart
And me
Enter inside
Her
Empty
Tidy
Room.

Time ceased to be.
Her silence
Entered
Into us . . .
And filled
Us to the brim.
We thought
It entered
The very essence
Of us,
My heart
And I.
It seemed
As if
It were
A knife,
So sharp
That with
A swoop
It cut us
Off
All things
Of earth
And brought
Us
Into its
Domain
For good.

Then suddenly
It changed
And became
A warm sea,
And we,
My heart and I,
A drop in it.

We lay on the shore—
Or was it His heart?
And we knew
The secret
Of the School
Of Love!
We knew that
The key
To the
Shore and
The sea
Was a Woman
WHO LIVED,
SPOKE,
AND WALKED
THIS EARTH,
AND YET
NEVER LEFT
THE HEART
OF HER GOD,
WHO USED
HER TO BRING
HIS SILENCE
ONTO EARTH . . .

Strange,
But it
Seems
That my heart
And I
Have brought
From Her
Today
Some of
That Silence
With us.

It seems
As if
It was given
To us
To share
With those
Who come
To Her house
Of love . . .
Yes, we went
To school today—
My heart and I.

THE SCAPULAR FIGHTS FOR KERALA CATHOLICS

By Sister M. Sophie

(Sister Sophie is a Carmelite nun in St. Teresa's convent, Ernakulam, Kerala State, India. She was recently in the United States, with several companions, and was aided by my friend Mr. Louis B. Davidson, 40 Wall St., New York.—E. J. D.)

We are praying hard for help from our friends in America; for great troubles have come upon us through the Communistic terror here. We need everything, especially prayers.

At present the whole world has her eyes on the little state of Kerala in South India, which is the most literate and most Catholic part of India. In spite of our Catholic population we have a Communist government. The poor people thought that Communism would help them, would do wonders. They had no idea that it was backed by a foreign power, nor that it hated the God they love. They thought that the politicians, having a Hindu background, would not be so hard on them.

Chaos and A Cobra

The laws were so binding it was impossible not to wish for relief. Communistic principles were bound to creep in with the corruption and bribery. The poor were promised many things, but they got nothing. Prices rose sky high, and many taxes were imposed! The education act opened the eyes of Catholics, and they stood up and said they would no longer run the schools according to the government's atheistic ideas.

Just now the state is in chaos. Communists are invited from all parts to crush the agitation and the agitators. Any barbarian who is ready to cut and carve is given a police uniform. These are now called the Goondas. They do all the harm they can.

Thousands and thousands are in prison, men, women, and boys. All the municipal councillors courted arrest, so as to paralyze the government. The mills, the buses, the ships, the dock yards were picketed. Work was stopped. A number of Catholics were shot; and a number of boys were put in a prison cell where a cobra had made its home.

The boys were unaware of the snake's presence for a time. When they saw it they shouted and screamed. The sentry on the beat heard them, but took no heed. He did nothing to protect the little prisoners. People walking along the road outside the prison heard the boys' crying. They scaled the

walls and killed the hooded monster.

Nehru Washes Hands

The Communist ministry refuses to resign. Nehru flew down to visit Kerala, and from the airport to his residence the poor people lined up and shouted slogans against the government and asked for help.

Nehru said he expected the "poor to be happy, since the Communist government was for the poor." He said he could not interfere with Communism as that is a foreign government which did not originate in India. If he interfered, all the communistic governments in the world would join together against him. So it was left to us.

The Commies are willing to come to a compromise, but the population doesn't want that. If we defeat Communism here, we save the whole of Asia. We have no weapons except the Scapular, which we tie to all our doors and windows. We say the Rosary, and the Litany of the Saints continually. This week it is the women of the State who are agitating.

We Sisters find it hard to maintain ourselves and our orphans in these distressing conditions. Can you help us with checks or International money orders sent airmail to us at St. Teresa's convent, Ernakulam, Kerala State, South India? If not, then please, in God's name, help us with your prayers!

A contrite
and humble heart,
O Lord,
Thou wilt not despise

"I am The Light"

By Rev. Eugene Cullinane

"Fortunately
There are ways of knowing Me
That make the university
A luxury.

The halls of learning
With their proud pretense
Of academic excellence
Are frequently a breeding-ground
for lies

That wear the shrewd disguise
Of professorial eloquence."

This is precisely what the Lord
would say
Were He to come today
To speak to youth
About the Truth.

In language no less clear and
bold
Than that He used of old
He would expose
The modern pharisees who pose
As priests and prophets,
Leading those they teach
Along a way that Truth has never
trod.

They have the nerve to preach
The old satanic sermon—
Man is god.

This is the frightful scandal
Of our age—
That men mistake the candle
And the page
Of human learning it can light
For LIGHT ITSELF!

To A Peony

By Sally Murphy

You there—you peony;
You beautiful, big pink explosion;
I have something to say to you.

You are the most self-confident
flower
I have ever seen.
You are big. You are smiling.
There is not one petal in you
Which you have not unfolded.

You are on top of a strong stalk.
You have pretty nice leaves.
Quite a few of them.
All in all, the nicest thing I have
seen
In a long, long time.

You are an aristocrat and you
know it.
Humility is truth—they say.
But the nicest and most useful
kind of aristocrat,
The hardy, healthy, generous
kind,
A high altar flower if there ever
was one.

You are obviously going to live a
long time.
But you have come to spend your
last days with us.
Evidently it is giving you much
pleasure.
We are the sole beneficiaries of
your riches.
You will remain beautiful until
the end.
And even your death will be a
fragrant memory.

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

August. The gentle month of our Lady's Assumption. The month of red apples hanging in orchards. Of maple leaves beginning to turn golden-yellow. Of the smell of hreshing of grain in the air. Of sumac—flaming red against blue clear skies.

August—when the mind turns to Mary—the Mother of God and man. The month of contemplation of her loneliness. For she had to stay "behind" to nurse the baby Church as she once nursed its Founder, who became a Baby for love of the soul of man.

Loneliness—the grey shadowy figure that walks with all of us . . . that we meet early in life, often at the threshold between childhood and youth . . . and sometimes, alas, even in childhood.

Men fear loneliness—and yet they shouldn't. They should turn to our Lady of the Assumption—and ask her to tell them how to get to know, and how to walk with loneliness, throughout their lives. And our Lady will answer them.

She will tell them that loneliness is a friend—that if we approach it reverently, it will reveal its secret to us. It has a deep and profound secret . . . that it is desirous to bring to men, if only they will ask for it.

If they do, they will find out that loneliness walks with them—so that they may understand they have been created for God—to love Him and doing so, to spend their lives walking toward Him—and to seek their rest, no matter what their state in life is, or their age or health, in Him alone.

Loneliness is a sign post continually pointing the way to a very simple truth—THAT MAN'S HEART CANNOT REST ANYWHERE, NOR FIND PORT ANY PLACE ON THIS EARTH, EXCEPT IN THE HEART OF GOD . . .

Our Lady and Loneliness will teach men many things in this gentle month of August, if only they stop long enough to ask . . . and are silent enough for a space of time to listen.

Men are so afraid of loneliness. But there is no need to fear. Far from it. For loneliness' great secret which Our Lady will tell to those who ask her, is that it brings God into their lives and by doing so, it ceases to exist! It is but a shadow that is ready to yield its substance for the asking.

And its substance is the Lord Himself—who fills every loneliness, no matter how lonely it may seem to be.

Loneliness is a sign post on the road to Love. Loneliness is a door—that latch of which is always open to let Love fill its seeming emptiness. All we have to do is go to Our Lady of the Assumption, and ask her to tell us of her "loneliness" in the years between the Ascension of our Lord and her Assumption.

Let us ask her especially during this gentle month of August—for she will tell us then all about her God-filled loneliness, which can be ours for the asking.

COMBERMERE DIARY

Staff Worker Diane Zdunich took the special Summer course in Gregorian Chant in Toronto. Four men organizers of the Young Christian Workers of Toronto made a few days' retreat here.

We had the privilege of the blessing of a newly ordained priest in the person of Father William Barrett of Rochester, New York.

The Rosary Pilgrimage of Milwaukee and Minneapolis, again made an afternoon stopover on their way from the Jesuit Martyrs' Shrine at Midland.

During the month of June we had Holy Mass in the Melkite Rite, celebrated by Father Joseph Raya. It was unique, for Father has permission to celebrate in the vernacular, wheresoever he is; French, English, Spanish, etc. To actually hear the words of Consecration spoken in English was a spiritually thrilling experience. Moreover, we were able to follow the complete liturgy through the Byzantine Missal that Father

and Jose deVinck have compiled and edited.

We were deeply grieved to learn of the unexpected death of Neil Hickey, of a heart attack. His visits, and his deep interest in our work, were a source of encouragement.

Our editor, Eddie Doherty, finds his mushroom-hunting diminished, due to a cast on his right foot, and a cracked bone near the little toe.

The Summer School was very good this year, and again a very excellent group deepened, we hope, their apostolicity. Several will stay, and test their vocations with us. Among the priest teaching this year were: Fr. Pesche, a Passionist from Dunkirk, N.Y.; Fr. Hugh Tasch, a Benedictine from Conception, Missouri; Father Werner a deMontfort Father from New York; Monsignor Smyth of Ottawa; Father Canary, a Carmelite of Joliet, Illinois; Father vanOlffen a Franciscan of Downsview, Ontario; Father Stone, a Paulist of Toronto; Father McLeod, of Nova Scotia; Father Quinlan of Alexandria, Virginia. We, and the Summer School guests, are very grateful to them, for their time, and teaching, and counsel.

Eddies of 1959

By Eddie Doherty

In this issue of Restoration I am asking each and every reader to perform a tremendous miracle.

I am asking you to make the sign of the cross on forehead, chest, and shoulders, and change a few tiny pieces of old paper into:

A typewriter, new or second-hand;

New furniture;
Repairs on an old house;
New eye glasses for a woman of 49;

A denture for this woman, who has had no lower teeth for nearly eleven years;

Electricity in the house;

And \$100, the balance owed for tuition for one of her 11 children. (Yep, eleven. And she has adopted another.)

Little Miracles

There are other things the lady needs too—many little miracles that you can, with the help of God, accomplish for her.

You want some sort of explanation? I'll begin with part of her first letter; and I'll give you only the "high lights".

"Do you know any stamp collector who would be interested in buying old samps? I have a few I got in an old attic. Sometime ago I had a box full and sent them to the missions. I feel I should send these too, but we need the money so terribly . . .

"I want a second hand typewriter so badly! I do all my baking, washing, sewing etc. My husband makes a little over \$40 a week. I need a typewriter because it is easy to get a market in some magazine for 'fillers', if they are typed. I have an old machine that must have fallen out of the Ark. The keys go down never to rise, and it rattles and bucks at every turn."

I wrote that I did not know any stamp collector, and knew nothing about stamps. But, I promised, I would write a story about her needs; and it might attract the eye of some buyer. What particular stamps did she have?

Little Worries

She put them in an envelope and sent them. And she added something to the story;

"I think a lot of little worries are almost worse than one big worry. For example, I need glasses. Oh so badly. I have had no lower teeth for almost eleven years. Those I can do without, though. I must have \$100 to pay the balance of one of my sons' tuition. It must be paid before September. My husband can't see the point in worrying over these things. I don't 'gravel' ever, believe me; but they 'bother me' silently. I still do my washing with tub and board. I do all my baking; and I'd do it if I had a million dollars, for I like to cook. I heat irons on the stove for ironing, and you know the electricity runs right past our door, just a few feet away! Do you wonder I would like to sell some stamps if I could?"

"My supply of sheets and blankets is at a minimum, and everything seems so hard to obtain. I don't care about clothes, personally. They are just a necessary covering. I'd rather spend the money, if I had it, for a good book or a pot of flowers."

"I don't know how to describe the enclosed stamps. If they are of any value I know they are in good hands. If they are unsaleable send them to some mission fathers you know. Please do not mention my name in Restoration. And may God bless you ever."

Some Really Good

My wife, Catherine, looked at the collection. She knows something about stamps and their values. Her family, when they fled out of Russia after the Bolshevik revolution, carried a volume of stamps with them. They lived on these stamps for years.

"This", she said, "is a rather valuable collection; and there are some extremely interesting stamps in it. Most were issued in the reign of Queen Victoria, but they are not all English. There are Russian, German, Canadian and U.S. stamps among them, and a couple of interesting ones from Cuba. There are some fifty cent stamps with Philadelphia written on the face, which are seldom seen these days. Some are dated 1886, some 1895. Some are pasted on old letters."

Now, what can we do about this?

The collection could be sent to some one on approval; or maybe stamp collectors willing to speculate on the value of the stamps could come to Madonna House and look at them. The editors of Restoration are open to any propositions.

Meantime — if you'd rather send money to the paper, to be delivered to the writer of the letter, and have the stamps go to the Missions don't hesitate. We will forward every dollar sent. Here we do believe in miracles.

Pilgrims In Mexico

By Catherine Maynard

Mexico City . . . Xochimilco . . . Leon . . . Cuernavaca . . . Chihuahua . . . Taxco. All these and many other towns and villages were visited, as three cars and sixteen peregrinos made a twelve-day pilgrimage in June. Mexico is "my hermoza! muy lindo! muy bonito!" The scenery is breathtaking and unending. Miles and miles and miles of blue sky, winding roads, brown earth, green grass and trees. One could not begin to describe the flowers, there's such an abundance—and in bright and varied colors!

Little boys and girls, and bigger boys and girls! Rabbits, burros, and cows—these by the hundreds. They spill over onto the roads. Drivers must watch carefully, as the animals wander casually onto the highways day and night. Men and boys stretch along the roadside for a casual rest, with apparent abandon. Children romp along the country highways with a carefree, happy gait. This world is theirs! ! !

Poverty? Yes, But—

Many things made an impression on this pilgrim in Mexico, but the friendliness of the people is high on the list. Children, most of the ones we passed in the country, had happy faces . . . waves were returned spontaneously and generously. And yet, a pilgrim cannot overlook the faces of those who are not happy. Those who are too weary to wave back. We saw a few, but not many.

People speak often of the poverty in Mexico. It is certainly there—and in abundance—yet this did not impress us much. The ambition and seeming lack of laziness is more striking. From the time they can totter, little boys carry around big shoe-shine boxes. Those big eyes and wide smiles are hard to resist. Some of us were getting shines on top of shines.

"Please, lady, buy a chicklet?" If resistance is low, your pockets begin to bulge with little packs of chicklets. Of course, there are those who just ask. The little beggars. They too have big eyes and winning smiles. And that little outstretched hand is irresistible. There is dignity, self-respect and pride in them.

They prefer selling you something—a pencil, a small cookie, or just a glass of water to begging. If you're American, you're considered rich. I guess we have a way of walking and talking . . . of standing and sitting. Only God knows how hard we tried NOT to be "tourists."

To Speak Spanish

There were many opportunities to use our limited Spanish. What a difference this wrought. Immediately we made friends. Faces lit up at our feeble attempts. I guess most strangers feel that the Mexican should make the attempt, and do the struggling. Their joy at our effort was all the encouragement we needed to try more. This resulted in many, many delightful conversations.

Salesmen, vendors on street corners, policemen, waiters, hotel clerks, and just people here and there at shrines, gas stations. THIS IS MEXICO. The friendly, hospitable people. As one taxi-driver (a Mexican) described them to Theresa Davis, "Mexicanos son muy preciosa" . . . and WE AGREE! ! !

Not only "preciosa" but "filled with faith." A real deep faith that should make most of us sit up and take notice. A faith that would move mountains. A faith that lives on in spite of many obstacles. A faith that could only come from the "loving Mother of Guadalupe."

One of the men of our parish, before making the trip, mentioned to Theresa that he was anxious to get to Mexico City to see his mother. Theresa was quite surprised, as he was NOT a young man, so she asked, "Is your mother still living?" He answered, "La Virgen De Guadalupe", with just as much surprise that she didn't know what he had meant.

Our Lady's Children

That seems to be the answer to their faith, their friendliness, their preciousness . . . they are the much-loved children of their Mother, Our Lady of Guadalupe!

Her house, the Basilica, is filled with these children, from the moment it opens in the morning, until it closes at night. Of course,

she has all kinds of children and we feel welcome there. We know it is our Mother's house, and we too belong. One cannot escape, though, being struck by the fact that she is, in a special way, the Mother of the Poor. These come to her in droves; these crawl, in large numbers often on their knees, across a huge cement pavement and then down the long aisle of the Basilica; these spend perhaps their last centavo for a candle to burn before her picture . . . to burn with all the love and devotion of their hearts.

In these groups, we saw Juan Diego many, many times. We saw him at the Basilica. We saw him on the streets. We saw him along the beautiful country roads.

The men haven't changed much over these hundreds of years. A big straw hat, huaraches covering much-walked feet, light colored clothes, and a tilma, hand-woven by the women. This is how Juan Diego dressed over four hundred years ago—this is how the country men dress today.

The faith of the Mexicans, which was the most striking of all impressions we had in Mexico is NOT just for the main Basilica. It hit us from every church, large or small, and the countryside is filled with them, each an obvious indication of their deep faith. No one can say of religion in Mexico, that it is just for women and children.

Religion for Men

We saw little boys tip their hats to a priest on the street. We saw men go up to a priest and kiss his hand with great warmth and affection. We saw women crowd around a priest on the sidewalk and kneel for his blessing. And all these things were done spontaneously and from the heart. Knowledge of what a priest is . . . respect for his person . . . love and gratitude for his presence and his blessing—all of this seems deeply instilled in them.

There is no end to the things that can be written about Mexico and our impressions. It has won our hearts, and we can hardly wait to return. We do not speak with any authority. Two weeks is too short a time in which to become "experts". I have written the things that impressed me most. Things as I saw them.

However, one seems almost compelled to acclaim loudly with the Pope who said of Mexico that God had "not done in like manner to any other nation!"

Many thanks to all who made our trip possible, especially La Virgen de Guadalupe, La Morenita Bella!

Visit To A New Church

By Norma St.Clair

In the name of the Father and of the son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. Hello, Jesus in the Tabernacle of the Altar. Thank you for once more giving me the opportunity of attending the sacrifice of the Mass. St. Joseph, whose church this is, please grant me one wish, that our new neighbors will be congenial.

What a beautiful church! Looks like a prosperous parish—beautiful stations of the cross, rich, gleaming wood in the pews and communion railing. Must be an old parish—not many children present.

That choir boy looks like an angel. His mother probably knows differently. He lit only the two side candles—low Mass, then.

The Mass Begins

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. I will go in to the altar of God, to God, who giveth joy to my youth.

Foolish woman, putting the three boys in the pew behind her. She'd have been better to have them in front of her, since she has to be separated from them. Took the youngest in front with her. She looks like I usually feel at Mass—as if getting those four stair-steps ready for Mass didn't leave her enough time for herself—hair fly-away and hat askew as though baby fingers had

snatched at it on the way in through the church door. Lovely suit. I'll bet she does her own sewing, otherwise she could afford to buy new shoes and hat, too.

Mea Culpa, Forgive Her

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper virginem—I wonder how long it will take me to get over that old convent habit of saying certain of the prayers in Latin. Oh, God, forgive my wandering mind.

Kyrie Eleison, Christi eleison. That girl is far more interested in appearing devout than in being so—forgive her, for she knows not what she does.

Glória in excelsis Deo.—Lady, don't you know that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"? That mother is doing her best to control the little fellow. Take that glowering look off your face, slant your eyes ahead and pay attention to the Mass. Me too!

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. Grant us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that the course of the world may be directed for us, and that Thy Church may rejoice in peace. Through our Lord . . .

They're still coming in — this Church isn't different from any other in that respect, anyway.

Now there's a queer set-up—that young fellow is evidently bringing his non-Catholic girl friend to Mass with him. But why doesn't he give it the respect and attention it deserves, if he went so far as to bring her in? She'll get her attitude from him. She couldn't look more bored, with her fancy blonde chignon, black eyebrows, aristocratic features, the barest nod to the rule of a hat in Church. Oh Lord! Please don't get out a mirror to adjust those miniature crystal chandeliers on your ears. Oh, young man, she'll never raise your children in the love and fear of God. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, let him see she won't do!

Now the Gospel

Father has a good speaking voice, and a from-the-heart way of delivering a sermon. Leaving all things, they followed Him. What a beautiful, humbling thought.

These parishioners look smug. Too many fashion plates in evidence. I wonder if Pope John will be the one to try to standardize dress for Church—but maybe that would hurt only those who can't afford it. But truly, a sheath should be outlawed inside the church door. Surely those women can't know how they look genuflecting in one. Lord help them if they want to attract that kind of attention here.

I will wash my hands among the innocent, and will compass Thine altar, O Lord. That I may hear the voice of praise—

Oh, Oh, the little scamp escaped and is galloping up the aisle. Ah. Caught!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Hosanna in the highest.

My Lord and my God!

The Communion

Old lady in heavy black dress and kerchief, with the many lines of living in your face, may some of your grace radiate my way. Jesus, bless her!

There's a child just blooming into young girlhood. The impact of Communion has rocked her soul. May she never turn away from the blazing glory on the altar which she has seen today!

Dominus vobiscum. Et cum spiritu tuo. Ite, missa est. Deo gratias.

And now people are gathering up their books and purses, ready to leave. I haven't seen one maternity smock in the whole church this morning! How unusual, and sad. I like to make a small genuflection in my soul when an expectant mother passes in the aisle.

Thank you, Jesus, for Mass and Communion. Help me to be a good wife and mother this week, and forgive my inattention. Amen.



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FORMING LAY APOSTLE MOST IMPORTANT TASK

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty

We discussed, in the last article, a grave danger that the lay apostolate faces in training its members—namely, the wrong approach to intellectual learning which fills North American youth. They desire to use learning as a stepping stone for material reward only, or they seek in it all the answers to the great mysteries of our faith . . . answers that can be found only in prayer, and over a period of long years of trial and error pains and joys and sorrows.

However, it must also be clearly understood, that intellectual learning plays an enormous part in the formation of a Lay Apostle.

For knowledge of God must be gathered from all sources, and brought together to form the young mind and soul which so generously give themselves — or desire to give themselves—to the Lord in the apostolate of the Market Place.

Uncharted Sea

When this apostolate was born, in 1930, in Toronto, neither I, nor the pioneers who embarked with me on this glorious adventure with God, had any clear-cut paths to follow, any precedents to look up. It seemed we sailed an uncharted sea.

There were many precedents for new religious orders to follow—but not one for a group of people desirous to dedicate themselves totally to the Lay Apostolate of the Market Place.

Therefore, through the twenty-nine years of the existence of the apostolate, we were, in a sense, privileged to try several paths of intellectual formation of our members. This formation, we of course realized from the beginning was a MUST!

We began with the apologetic approach—and found it wanting. It gave us a very good knowledge of our faith. We could expound it, explain it. But in the Market Place few desire to listen, or are prepared to challenge us on dogma—on a catechetical level.

Nor did it seem to satisfy ourselves. We wanted more knowledge of God and the things of God. We wanted, it seemed, to go up on some high mountain, from where we could behold the kingdom of souls and understand how to fill their God-hunger for them as well as our own.

On The Job

It was then that we embarked on a new adventure in learning. Not very much in "vogue" at the time—we sought to study Theology—Thomistic theology. We met many and grave difficulties, for the average person, especially the young lay person on this continent, had no access at the time as he does now, to any courses in Theology, except by private tuition. For such tuition one had to prepare on a college level—by the study of Cosmology, Ethics, Logic, etc., which was impossible for Lay Apostles. They had to learn "on the job".

We turned our faces to the great Order of Preachers, the Dominican Fathers. They helped us. Father Donovan, O.P. of N.Y. City—factually, I think, wrote for us a two year series on the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. They were well written and specially adapted for people without previous philosophical training. They were later used and extended to a four year course in the celebrated Bishop Sheil School, in Chicago.

Tremendous as these courses were, they still didn't seem to fill the need that was in the very heart of the apostolate. True, we understood our faith—now in its tremendous and broad outlines our feet were planted firmly on dogma. And we felt secure on this "terra firma", the only oasis, as it were, in the quagmire of the Market Places of the world.

The Early Christians

Yet something was lacking. We felt half-formed. Perhaps some among us did not have the general intellectual background fully to absorb the wealth that was given us. Perhaps others got sidetracked by the many intellectual vistas such a formation opens before young minds. Be it as it may, I sought for other ways and means to fill this strange gap that this attempt at intellectual formation had not filled.

In so doing, I went back to the very source of Christianity, and placed myself mentally into the age of the apostles and the martyrs, and asked myself—"how did they get such a knowledge of God, these lay people, that they were able to die for Him—and in such atrocious tortures?"

True they had heard the voice of the apostles themselves who had seen the Lord. But there must be something more to it than that. I remember the spiritual formation I had received as a

New-Old Method

I decided to use this method to form the minds and the souls of the youths who come to give their lives to God in the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House. This proved successful. It seems to answer every need of the apostolate and the youth in it—and offers a tremendous field, an inexhaustible one, for the whole life of an apostle.

It does more. It gives one the easiest spring-board to approach his fellow-men, and help to lead them to God through these familiar and simple ways.

When all is said and done, these are the sources that all great theologians of the west went back to—St. Thomas included. Also, it is still the best method, it seems to me—to teach the knowledge and love of God in the midst of a world that strangely resembles the pagan times of Rome when a handful of Christians were dying for that faith, and through their martyrdom—planted a future harvest of souls.



LAWRENCE did a good work, who, by the sign of the Cross, restored sight to the blind and gave the treasures of the Church unto the poor.

It Seems to Work

In my last trip to Europe, which I made to participate in the World Congress of the Lay Apostolate—the Second one in 1957 in Rome—I stopped off in England at the Downside Benedictine Abbey. There I found, to my great joy, that throughout the world, many of the totally dedicated lay apostolates, Pious Unions and Secular Institutes, were following the same trend of thought and using the same methods of spiritual, intellectual formation of their members.

This gave me new courage to continue experimenting along this line. It seems to work with us and with many others. Some day, perhaps, someone will make a study of this formation—make a synthesis of it.

Nothing is more important today, than the formation of the lay apostle for the Market Place—who is ready to go to the end of the world, and who has already done so—with one end in view. . . . TO RESTORE THE WORLD TO CHRIST THROUGH LOVE . . . CARITAS. AND TRY TO BRING IT PEACE . . . PAX . . .

There are many other intellectual facets of the training of a lay apostle that I will discuss in the next chapter. But none of them is as important as this fundamental knowledge of God from sources that truly come from God Himself. They lead quickly to an increased love of God, which is the only fire that truly can feed the flame of zeal that must animate the lay apostle of our times.

Christ Seeks Friends

By Robert Pelton

Catholic Information Centre, Edmonton, Alta.—Through faith we know that Christ, in His Passion, wove together the ragged, broken, threads of pain and grief and anguish of all time to make a seamless garment of comfort and love for the sorrowing.

Through faith and much grace we have come to recognize this pain of Christ in the suffering of the poor, the homeless, the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, and the sick. We have come to see Christ's agony in their tortured faces, and we have come to acknowledge our duty to throw, through our love, that seamless garment about their naked souls.

And yet I wonder how many of us have seen the pain of Christ in the ordinary people, the same sort of people—comfortable and middle-class and unremarkable with whom most of us have lived all our lives. These are the sort of people who visit the Information Centre. They are ordinary, yet deeply sealed with the pain of Christ.



Modern Gethsemane

In these people who seemingly wander into the Centre out of curiosity alone, and wander out without ever saying a word, is Christ, seeking a friend to share His anguish. In this woman who wonders if I can do something to "protect" her daughter from a lying husband, is Christ betrayed with a kiss. In this quiet man with great suffering eyes, who is in love with a girl who hates the Church, Christ is silent before His accusers.

In that loud-voiced boy who tells me that girls shudder when they see him, is Christ spat upon. In that man who thinks that the priests are persecuting him, is Christ ridiculed by the mob in front of Pilate's palace. In that complaining voice on the telephone, querulous with half-burned sorrows, is Christ scourged at the pillar.

In this woman with a husband who insists that a man and his wife should each go his own way, Christ is dragging the weight of His Cross alone. In this pregnant and unwed girl, forced to come to a city 2500 miles from home to tell her story to a stranger, a man, so that she can find a place to stay, is Christ stripped of His garments, utterly humiliated to appease the cruelty of men who did not understand what they were doing.

Here, in all the lost and lonely people, men and women, young and old, who come to ease, for just a little while, the insupportable burden of their loneliness, is Christ alone on the Cross, rejected by His people, forsaken by all but a few of His friends, and ignored by all those who passed by the way and who looked at Him only to mock Him.

This is Truth

This is not sentimentality or cheap emotionalism. This is reality. This pain of Christ is truth, and it is our immense and inestimable privilege to share this pain by opening to it, not only our eyes, but also our souls. We can no longer run from suffering, for now we know that our own pain is the pain of Christ, given to us to make us sharers of the Redemption by making us sharers in His Cross.

By opening our souls to whatever pain may come to us, and especially to the pain which comes from serving with perfect love and perfect joy those in whom Christ is crucified, we join with Christ in the healing of the world.

Thus one must serve all these "ordinary" people who come so quietly into the Information Centre with great tenderness, for one has been given the precious responsibility of helping Christ weave His seamless garment of love and of wrapping it, with Mary, ever so gently around the souls of those who bear Him in such a secret and hidden way. One must serve them, then, with patience, with reverence, and, above all, with deep gratitude for the opportunity one has of making one's own pain Christ's by comforting Him in them, for to share the pain of Christ is to share His perfect love, which is our beginning, our end, and our very life.

The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

Neil Hickey is dead. At thirty-three in the afternoon, on the feast-day of Sts. Peter and Paul, his wife, Noreen, sister of our Father Callahan, heard a crash in his study, in Rochester, New York. She rushed upstairs to find his huge frame lying face downward on the floor. Within minutes Father Francis Taylor, a classmate of both Neil and Fr. Cal. arrived to give him conditional absolution, for he was already dead. He had passed away peacefully, quietly, without any fuss . . . as he had lived.

In many ways, Neil Hickey typifies the kind of layman whose life is an apostolate, who goes about doing good, because he is good; who understands the primacy of being over doing; who may organize but is not an organizer; in a word, one who loves.

As Colin Tracy put it: "He lived the teachings of Madonna House; he was a one-man apostolate." Harold Coleman, founder of the Daily Mass League, said: "He was one of the best."

Pray for the Dead

On the morning of the funeral a man rushed up to Noreen and said: "I have just read in the papers of Neil's death. I had to come over and pay him my last respects." Two nuns drove ninety miles in heavy, sticky weather just to spend a few minutes with him and Noreen at the funeral parlor.

All through the days before the funeral hundreds of people kept filling past his coffin, each one with a word of warm praise, of gratitude, of genuine love for the man who lay there. There was peace and joy and love in that room.

There was peace and joy and warmth in the manner in which his wife received all guests. There was sorrow, but no bitterness. Sorrow for the husband, the friend, who had gone; but joy at the thought that he had gone home, that he had been born to everlasting life, and seen the God who is all-Love.

Who Was Neil?

For those who love God, death is an enviable thing. I am reminded of Father Garrigou-Lagrange, the great theologian, who was quite puffed on hearing of Father Hugon's death, his friend and confrere. The man had died before him, had "beaten him to it!" Thus do the "saints" react to the idea of dying. "Lucky man," they say, "he got there first! Lord, why not me?"

But who was this Neil Hickey who brought forth tributes of admiration and of love from the hearts of all who had known him? Was he a world-beater? A rich man? A powerful politician? A great organizer? He was none of these things. He was much better than any of these things for he was what God wanted him to be: an average Catholic layman who practised the virtues according to his state in life, in every moment of his life.

He was prudent, just, strong, temperate. He believed, he hoped, he loved, at work, at home and at play. On hearing the unexpected news of his death, Father Cal epitomized the event in one sentence: "I know of no one in my circle of friends and acquaintances who was better prepared to go."

Like everyone who knew Neil, we too are grateful to him. His life was one of service, of quiet, humble service to all with whom he came in contact. Since 1952 he and Noreen have spearheaded a group of friends in Rochester, to whom we owe our greatest donations in the line of clothing, tools, etc. These gifts come in by the ton; they are gathered over the weeks in Rochester, beautifully packed, and shipped to us to distribute through our clothing-room.

Neil Hickey Night

A packing bee had been scheduled for the second of July, which turned out to be the day of Neil's funeral. Noreen insisted that it be held, saying: "That is the way Neil would want it."

I attended that memorable bee at St. Salome's hall where some fifty people, under the efficient direction of Jack Fessenden, worked 'til 1.30 in the morning packing the most considerable shipment to date. It totals some fifteen thousand pounds. This was Neil Hickey night, a night dedicated to the service of others. It was a fitting tribute and a glorious ending to a glorious life.

It's what you are that matters. What you do will flow from what you are. Doing comes from being. And a man is in the measure in which he loves, for God who is

Infinite Being is Love.

Many people come to Madonna House and ask: "What should I do?" We answer: "Love . . . and let's see what happens."

What happens? The power of God Himself fills a soul and radiates throughout the whole world, bringing peace and pushing back the power of evil.

An ordinary man can be a "saint". Anybody can be a "saint" for anybody can love.

Portland Very Busy Place

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon—Slowly the floor in the Y.C.W. room was being covered with posters. The source? A young seminarian silk screened red and white announcements, while two volunteers cut paper and carried the finished project to dry. Next day these works of love were on their way to all the local parishes with the news. "Six lectures on the Lay Apostolate by Fr. Louis Putz."

Fr. Putz had come to town for the summer. He made quite an impression! The evening lectures at the University of Portland were most successful. The first night we ran out of chairs. The room chosen was crowded to overflowing. The interest of many had been aroused.

Religious and Laity

The laity were there in great numbers to hear how they could grow in their mission to help restore all things to Christ . . . to make their offices, schools, jobs, factories, unions, receptive to Christian ideas. The Priests and Sisters were there to hear how they might help their students and parishioners to fulfill this apostolic mission; how they might encourage, and lead them on to greater efforts. Those unable to attend were delighted to find the talks had been taped.

The evening lecture series was wonderful indeed, but it was only one of many activities this summer to bring the Apostolate to the fore in this area. Fr. Putz held a day of discussion for Sisters, another for priests, and a whole weekend for seminarians. This thrilled those involved in the Movement. "If those we look to for guidance understand their role—and what it is we, as laymen, are after—we can accomplish so much more! Besides that, charity, which is characteristic of the apostolate, will widen and deepen with mutual understanding."

With Baby Sitters

The Northwest Region of the Christian Family Movement held their annual Convention in Yakima, Washington in June. Dick Parker from Stella Maris was able to attend. He saw what a small group of eager, energetic young families can do. Pat and Patty

Crowley came out from Chicago to be on hand. Fr. Putz and other priests concerned with CFM also came. The theme "The Responsibility of The Christian Family in Our Times—Toward our neighbor, our government, and our faith."

The Convention occasioned another opportunity for co-operation among those involved in the Movement. The YCW members baby-sat all weekend with the children of some of the CFM families—thus enabling them to attend the convention.

The Crowleys, leaders of National and International CFM, came down to Portland; to meet and talk with local members, to give a study-night in the hall at Stella Maris, to have discussions with the chaplains and interested priests, and to help clarify ideas and goals.

In July the Y.C.W. had their West Coast Convention at Mt. Angel Abbey. This was an ideal set-up for them as the seminary buildings are empty for the summer. We know what it takes to prepare for such a convention. The Y.C.W. Room here at Stella Maris was busy many nights a week 'til the wee hours of the mornings, with plans for discussion groups—workshops, talks, letters, information. Once again National leaders came from Chicago to help clarify objectives, stimulate new ideas, and deepen understanding.

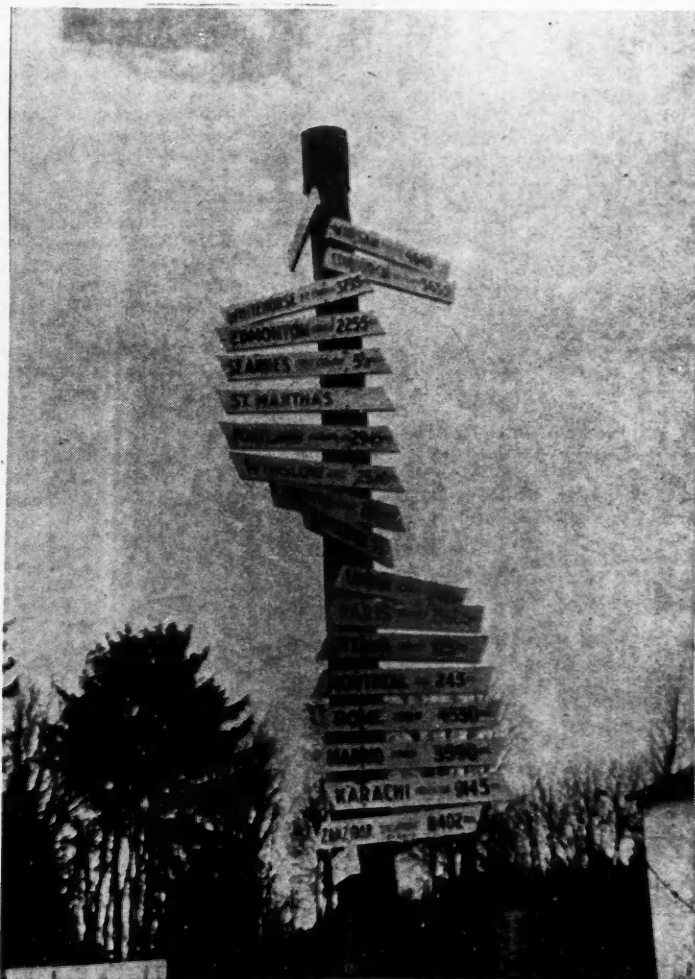
And "Fun Days"

In between these annual events were study nights, a YCW sponsored Marriage Preparation Course, "fun days" (for members to get to know one another better) coordinating meetings, bulletins, published, and regular meetings.

Fr. Putz gave a wonderful full time course five mornings a week for eight weeks at the University. This too was well attended by Sisters and seminarians so they might be of greater help to those whom they teach and with whom they work. The class had projects like an inquiry for grade schoolers—spirituality of marriage, of the worker. We are looking forward to the results of their efforts.

Father brought out, many times, the idea that it is the Christian's responsibility to take his rightful place in the temporal order. That he must bring back a Christian concept to every field and walk of life. Religion is not a compartment of life off to itself with no relation to the rest of existence. It should be the center or hub of our life—and its principles effect everything we do.

It will take time and patience to prepare the ground of factory, office, union, business, home to be receptive to Christian ideas. Truly the time for mediocrity has passed and the time has come for every Christian to exercise his vocation to be an Apostle in his own surroundings—to help restore all things to Christ, through Mary.



One of the songs we sing to visitors at Madonna House says something like this: "They will come from all directions when they come" Who will come? It's easier to answer the question "Who won't come?" They will come from all directions; and our Staff Workers, when they have been sufficiently trained, will go in all directions—wherever the breath of the Holy Ghost may blow them. The mileage on the signs may or may not be accurate. It doesn't matter in these days of jet planes and rockets. What's a few thousand miles between friends?

Dot Plants Three Trees

By Dorothy M. Phillips

A few days ago I received a very pleasant surprise. It was three small pine trees. They came from Madonna House, Combermere, Ont.

On undoing the wrappers we found one tree about 12 inches in height and two smaller ones, each about six inches high. I was quite excited. In no time, Paul was out digging three holes in our lawn. The trees were planted, watered, and bolstered with small sticks to make sure they will grow straight.

Trees of Wonder

Now you may wonder what this is all about, and frankly I had to do some thinking myself. Why, I asked myself, all the excitement about a few trees from Combermere? And why have I had a secret longing, these past four years, to transplant at least one tree from Madonna House somewhere in the soil of Marian Centre? I say it was a secret longing, but I'm afraid for the past four months I've let the secret out in the presence of several people.

When the trees arrived and I became so happy about the whole thing, I started to examine my conscience. Could it be that I was becoming sentimental? Sentimentality is practically death to the spiritual life, and what little spiritual life I have in me I would hate to lose, or have endangered. Yet I couldn't deny I was glad. Periodically I found myself looking out of a window as I passed by and feeling a sort of warm glow, and I didn't feel in the least bit guilty, either.

Last night I asked myself . . . "Why do you like those trees so much?" And I answered without hesitation . . . "Because of their symbolism, you dope." "Symbolism? What symbolism?" Then my deeper and more sober self patiently and quietly started to tell me. St. Francis de Sales says one must be patient with oneself.

Talking to Herself

"It's like this. When you started out to Edmonton, B told you that the main thing you must bring with you was the spirit of Madonna House. Remember how she elaborated by pointing out that the spirit of Madonna House was the spirit of Christ and of Mary. You wondered just how one brings the spirit of Christ to wherever one happens to be. Of course, all the answers had been given to you before—such as dying to self, personal sanctification through prayers and good works, etc. etc. But somehow it seemed as though you needed more than these answers. It must be very obvious by now that some people are obtuse."

"Look," said my other self. "Let's get back to the trees."

"It appears that my remark about St. Francis deSales didn't make much of an impression on you. O.K. I'll get back to the trees and how they become living symbols of how our spirit must grow."

"First a hole must be dug with a view of things to come. The roots are placed in this hole and covered with the darkness of earthly things. Once these roots are encompassed with the black earth, they must remain that way, which makes me think that the darkness of the pain of Christ must always surround us. This is one phase that is most necessary, for without it the tree shall surely wither into nothingness."

Waters of Grace

When the roots have willingly submitted to their role, the tree must be well watered frequently with the saving waters of grace, received through the Sacraments. Then the roots may burrow deeper into the sufferings of Christ. Now note . . . see how strong yet pliable is the part of the tree which is above ground? Remember, it's a small tree. It bends easily in the wind. This we could liken to our swaying back and forth and bending easily to the wind of the Holy Spirit, which expresses how we should accept the Will of God. In other words, we should bend gracefully to the breath of God's Will.

"But I see that you have followed me so far, and are now one step ahead of me. Your next question is: 'If we are supposed to keep bending ourselves to God's Will, what's the significance of the little stick to help keep us straight?' This looks like a contradiction to me." Well, I must admit that one puzzled me for awhile, until I remembered that grace is built on nature, and that God often uses very natural added props to show us the way we should go. The tree is reaching toward the sky, and our path also leads upward to heaven. So the

piece of wood becomes to us the symbol of Holy Mother Church with Her commandments. It becomes the symbol of a Spiritual Director who keeps our sights ever trained on our real goal which is God.

Trees in the Wind

"So there we have it in a tree. These are the things that are necessary if we are, in our present life, to become tall, stately trees in the field of spirituality. Trees whose roots go deep into the ground of suffering, but whose outward appearance shows nothing but joy to onlookers. Trees whose trunk is firm, strong and steady, in matters of faith and morals, but whose branches reaching high into the sky, sway in a dance of love to the slightest breath of the wind of God's Will. It affords shade from the heat of the world's sun and shelter from the rain. It drops seeds into the ground, which in time become other trees. But most of all, it fulfills the purpose for which God created it."

"And so I'm keeping my joy at having the trees arrive, and I shall pray that the spirit of Madonna House will take deep root in Marian Centre. I'll pray that, watered by the life of grace, bending to the Will of the Holy Spirit, and held up by the stick of our Foundress and our rule of life, this spirit may someday grow into a tall, strong, comfort-giving tree, fulfilling its reason for being, and ever reaching heavenward."

A LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page One)

lying on their couches. And one of the apostles had the opportunity to place his head above the Sacred Heart and listen to its beating!

How marvelous it is, God, to love You thus, without any words at all! To love You in sheer joy and peace of soul, and in and through the beauty of the countryside! To love is to pray. Why did I not know that always?

People sitting on their front porches or verandahs waved to us occasionally; and Fr. Briere remarked that this was part of their life—to sit and watch the world go by. We sat in the car and watched You go by, Lord, in the farms and the settlements and the herds and the people. We talked to You, silently, or waved to You without moving our arms. And You waved back to us and wished us well.

At The Shrine

We arrived at the shrine on a Friday evening, found rooms near the Basilica, and stayed the night. There were many other pilgrims. There were hundreds of them; perhaps thousands, chanting the Rosary, in French, chanting Litanies. There was not a moment of silence. All day and all night, we were told, people pray there—some of them in eight-hour shifts! Ever since the beginning of the Marian year, Dec. 8, 1953, people said, there has been constant prayer at the shrine! I didn't stay long in the church. I couldn't.

I felt what I felt in other shrines—in Fatima, in Mexico City, in Midland, Ontario—a sense of disappointment. There were too many other people there, and they were so demanding of Your attention, and Our Lady's, I felt an intruder. I wanted to be alone with You, and with Your Mother. If only for a moment. But here it was impossible. I was not exactly a pilgrim. I was in the pilgrims' way. I distracted them, as they distracted me.

I had a reverence for the shrine, Lord. I rejoiced to see so many people kneeling there. I was moved by their evident piety, and by the fact that they stayed a long time on their knees. I went in and out of the church several times, whereas they stayed in their pews and prayed.

The pilgrims loved the shrine, and its history. They loved the torchlight procession on the memorial "Bridge of the Rosaries". They loved the flowers, the rolling lawns, the statues, the new Basilica—what they could see of it. They loved the tiny lake, the Stations of the Cross, and everything else.

And they liked the exhibition hall with its many statues and exhibits. I saw one statue there, Lord, that I thought the most beautiful ever made!

We go Back Home

Father Briere said Mass at the altar of St. Anne the next morning, and I served it. Then we started home.

I don't know why I felt so like an outsider there, Lord. Maybe it is just that I feel so close to You and Mary here in Madonna House. Only once, outside Combermere, did I feel Your special presence at a shrine. That was at Crooked Finger, Oregon—or is it Crooked Stick? A small Church a few miles out of Mount Angel. Two Benedictine priests

drove me there one lovely morning nearly two years ago. They unlocked the church for me, and we said a few prayers and sang a few Aves. There I sensed Our Lady's nearness and dearth. And where she is, there You are too, God, forever and forever and forever.

I felt closer to you at Mr. E. Harnoit's little grotto and sanctuary near Joliette. Was it because there were, that morning, no crowds about the place? Nobody but Father Briere and I spoke to You then. Nobody else said "I love you", to Our Lady.

The flutter of little flags stopped us, and the sight of the tiny lake, and the fountain, and the Lourdes grotto, and the sanctuary standing there by the side of the road. A marvelous little place built on less than two acres of ground! We had to stop, and get out of the car.

How It Grew

It was at first, only a wooden cross. Then, in 1931, Mr. Harnoit, a biscuit manufacturer in Joliette, decided to erect a steel cross, and to protect this with a sanctuary. In the sanctuary he built an altar. Sometimes priests come and say Mass there. In 1949 he built the artificial lake, and installed the fountain, which was blessed by the bishop. Then he built the grotto and arranged the flowers and the lawn.

"We built it," says his wife, Parmela, "so people could pray there!"

About a year and a half ago a boy whose finger had been crushed in the door of a refrigerator washed it in the water of the fountain. His finger, which for five years he had been unable to bend—and which his father had decided must be amputated—was made entirely well, we were told at the Harnoit home, just across the highway. The boy was about 7 years old. He lives in Joliette. His name is Rainville, "or something like that." His first name nobody there knew.

They told us also, at the house, about a woman who healed a sore with some of the water. But they didn't know anything about her.

God, is it the crowds that shut You and Our Lady out of my mind and heart so terribly? Is it the silence, the naturalness, the simplicity of such places as Crooked Stick, and Madonna House, and the peace that lies in Your woods and fields and rivers, that let me approach You?

You and Your Mother are everywhere. Why can't I feel You near me everywhere? What sort of creature am I, Lord? How will I feel when I get to heaven? Aren't there crowds there too?

With all my love. Your Eddie.

A Yukon Holiday

By Edith Scott

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon; It is July 1st, 1959—the Feast of the Precious Blood, and also a civic holiday here in the Yukon. Father Gene, our chaplain (and director while Mamie is away) walks into St. Catherine's where I am seated at breakfast with the Indian boys and women, and the transient men. In his wonderful, smiling way he announces that this day will be a holiday for the staffworkers of Maryhouse as well as for our Indian boys. Five of these are still with us, working in Whitehorse during the summer vacation.

He gives the boys permission to go to a Sports Day at Carcross, forty miles away. The two teenage Indian girls, who are with us while receiving outpatient care at the hospital, shout for joy as Father says he will drive them and me to Mary Lake for the day. Doreen Rousseau is appointed to keep house and promised an outing tomorrow.

In Mary Lake

We started early. It seemed no time at all before we had left behind us the noise, the clamor, the unending pressures and constant crises of this new apostolic life on the marketplace. We drove 14 miles south on the dusty Alaska Highway, then deep into the bush and to a stop in front of a C.Y.O. cabin situated on a lake where no one comes or dwells—a beautiful, hidden retreat that in recent years has come to be known as Mary Lake.

All around us we caught glimpses of the beauty of the Yukon that we never see in Whitehorse. This year the scenery is more wonderful than usual because of daily rains throughout June. Normally there is very little rain in this part of the Yukon, but this year has been different. The air, which last year was dry and filled with smoke from forest fires, is now fresh and clear; the trees have been spring-cleaned and are much fuller and greener; there is new growth in the forests and wild flowers blossom in abundance.

Slowly I let the beauty sink in. The forest stillness began to take over. The Indian girls were romping around looking for berries. Father Gene, after so many busy, hectic months of 1-day weeks and broken nights was enjoying a little quiet contemplation, reading his breviary in the sun on a bluff over-looking the lake. The only sounds now (except for the occasional drone of an airplane) were the rustling of the leaves, the birds calling to each other across the lake, the lapping of the water and the hum of mosquitoes and flies (kept at a respectable distance from us by a good insect repellent).

Always Broke

I began to think, of all the people who had passed through Maryhouse in recent months. There were the men who came, it seems, from everywhere in Canada hopefully looking for jobs. Coming from Vancouver, they hitch-hiked 1800 miles to get here . . . from Edmonton 1300 miles. Some arrived early off the endless dusty Alaska Highway, some very late at night, occasionally soaking wet from rain, always broke and very tired. And they were hungry, sometimes famished.

The best we could offer was a meal quickly thrown together in the late evening and a mattress on the floor of our small hostel that holds four bunk beds. Often there was no more floor space, but we always managed to squeeze in one more. Of necessity, we had to limit their stay with us, to make room for the ones we knew would be knocking on our door the next day. They are still coming, still going . . . and there is no place to go from here except back down the Highway. We live at the end of civilization in Canada.

I remember a remark made by one of these young men: "Gosh, ma'am, just a place on the floor to lie down will be fine! Where I come from, the number of unemployed men increased from 35,000 to 37,000 in three weeks. I used to go downtown to a soup kitchen there. The last time I went, I saw not only men in the line-up but women and little children—whole families. That sight really hit me hard."

Long, Long Trail

I thought of the days and the nights when devoted Indian Health nurses arrived at Maryhouse with patients who stayed with us until they could be admitted to the hospital, or who had to stay in Whitehorse for outpatients care. I thought of the hurried, hazardous trips made by our heroic missionaries from isolated mountain villages to bring an expectant mother to the hospital or someone who had begun to fail rapidly from a recurrence of tuberculosis. Then there are the accident cases—from axes, from guns, from mishaps of all kinds. Maryhouse is the centre to which all these Indian trails lead.

I thought of the Mounties, and the night they arrived at Maryhouse at 3 a.m. with a beautiful, young Indian girl. Trying to find work, and out of money, she accepted a ride in a truck with two white men. When they stopped in the night to buy liquor Daisy became panicky. She wasn't their kind of girl, so she was dumped in the middle of nowhere. Soldiers passing by in an army truck noticed her, crying and alone. They drove her to the next town and helped her contact the Mounties, who drove her into Whitehorse.

There was only one place to take her, as there is only one place to take so many—Maryhouse. She was too upset to sleep, shaking from fear, wiser now and disillusioned. We have helped Daisy find what little work there is in the city. She comes in to visit us and is more cheerful every day.

Our Father Gene

I thought of Father Gene's endless hours as Chaplain and Director of Maryhouse, Chaplain of the Army, father to our Indian boys, father to the staff workers, father to the Legion of Mary, father to so many who live on this rugged, cruel marketplace in the far North, or enter it for a day. He is always ready to help at any hour of the day or night.

I remember especially the night that one of our Indian boys was the victim of an assault. Three of them were walking home from a dance. Two white men drove up in a car, jumped out and tried to start a fight with the boys. They knew the men had been drinking so tried to ignore them.

"We're not bothering you," said Johnny. "Leave us alone. All we want to do is go home and go to bed." The men then told the boys they were police officers and would put them in jail for "getting smart". "If you're a policeman, show me your identification card," said Johnny. For chal-

lenging this bully and unmasking a lie, Johnny then got a broken nose.

A Boy Forgives

The men drove away. The boys came home and got Father Gene out of bed. After listening to their story, Father said: "We're not going to let them get away with this. The streets of Whitehorse have to be made safe for teenagers to walk home from a dance."

It was one in the morning when Father took the three boys to the Police Station. The Mounties asked many questions and wrote down the boys' answers. Before Johnny gave his testimony Father took him to the hospital where a doctor was called. Johnny has been in much pain and discomfort, but never once has he complained or showed the slightest resentment towards the man who broke his nose. It's all over now, and Johnny is beginning to look like himself again. He still shakes his head saying: "I just don't understand why they did that."

It's getting late and Father has to get back to Whitehorse for his Junior Legion of Mary meeting. On the return trip we recite the rosary in gratitude for this beautiful, quiet, sunny day at Mary Lake. Refreshed now, we are ready for the days and nights ahead . . . for whatever may be asked of us in Our Lady's house in the Yukon.

One Man's Scrap Another Man's Gold

We have a new Department in Madonna House—a PRINTING PRESS. A gift of a holy priest to us. And now we need paper—scrap paper, little papers, business papers, legal papers, any colored paper, mimeograph paper, rough paper, smooth paper, bond paper, any left overs that any office or household might have, along the line of a writing paper—and throw-away paper—will be most welcome! Oh very much so!

And we still are praying for old typewriters. Our men can repair typewriters, and we will be delighted to have any that might not be of further use in an office or household—business typewriters and portables are most welcome.

Since we are on "office supplies", as it were, we also would welcome paper clips, filing card signs or clips, envelopes with old

addresses—which we still can cover over and use—appointment calendars of past years, and good notebooks—covers and paper for same. The type used by College students are best.

If anyone has 5 x 8 filing cards to discard, we would be delighted to have them, and filing cabinets of all sizes.

But the office is not our only little worry—there is Laurette, who has just finished a course in the Quebec Province in cheesemaking—and we are back at our old begging stand—CALLING ALL FARMERS . . . CALLING FOLKS WHO HAVE FURNISHINGS FROM OLD FARMERS . . . cheese molds, anything that goes into making cheese. Vats. Old-fashioned cauldrons, made of good cast iron—large sizes. Cheese presses. Anything and everything that can be used FOR OLD-FASHIONED HAND-MADE CHEESE PRESSING, will be gratefully received!

Our sports department, which looks after the recreation of the youth of this rural area, reminded me the other day that they needed desperately BASEBALL BATS, MITTS, BALLS . . . that the hockey season is around the corner . . . that HOCKEY STICKS . . . PUCKS . . . have a way of getting broken and lost, and that they would appreciate getting some.

And while I'm begging, I might as well ask for skates. We never have enough. And if there are any old footballs lying around that can be used, they will be gratefully received.

The man in charge of our workshop the other day reminded me that they can use all kinds of tools—hand tools. And then on second thought, he said, "also any kind of power tools—there must be folks who have some left over somewhere, after they got tired doing it themselves, or maybe moved into a city apartment."

The Sewing Department is still looking for remnants of material of any kind—curtains, dress, upholstery, that can be used to make and repair and sew for children.

And the Library says, "we can use children's books and good adult Catholic books" . . .

Ever since I started to write "One Man's Scrap—Another Man's Gold"—there is no denying that the heads of all our departments come to me with their needs, and then triumphantly tell me how these were so wondrously filled by the charity of all our friends.

So here I am begging again and in the same breath thanking you . . . Catherine.



At present two young Staff Workers cook and clean for the farm boys at our St. Benedict's Acres. They are Loretta Paten- and Marilyn Williamson. But the girls in the picture are just visitors. They too are Staff Workers of Madonna House. They came to St. Ben's with a truck load of rhubarb, donated by a neighbor, and they have stopped for a moment to talk to Charley Webb—known affectionately as "Spider"—and Joe Walker. The girls are Rejeanne George, Librarian, and Trudy Cortens, local director of Madonna House. A girl never can be positive she will do the same thing today that she did yesterday. Not in Madonna House. A few days before this picture was taken, Miss Cortens returned in a plane from London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, and other Catholic Lay Apostolate centers.

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